

President Taft as a Souvenir



AT THE NEW YEAR RECEPTION.

"HE SHOWED ME THROUGH THE WHITE HOUSE."



A PRIVATE AUDIENCE.

"HE TOOK ME OUT FOR A WALK."

BY JOHN ELPHEATH WATKINS.

Washington, D. C.

As a souvenir, the President of the United States is always a "best seller."

His face has yielded a fortune to many an artist of that odd genus which supplies the souvenir needs, of whom Washington is the American Mecca, par excellence. Always there is magic in his name, his touch, his mere association. His autographed portrait is worth its weight in gold, and, like that of other highly esteemed articles, its value increases with age. Many thousand visitors to the capital city have been content to purchase, in the curio shops, his photographs stamped with a facsimile of his signature so cleverly executed that the "folks back home" are easily deceived into believing that the returned tourist has hatched within the beam of the presidential smile.

Visible evidence of personal association with the chief executive yields Thomas, Richard and Henry no little prestige among the boys at the lodge or the fellows at the office.

For such visible evidence of palm-to-palm, elbow-to-elbow contact with the President souvenir artists have been racking their brains these many years, and at last the golden key hath been discovered.

Thousands of pilgrims who journeyed in the capital city during the New Year reception, Monday, have this week returned to their native haunts with such good and convincing evidence in their clothes.

"See Taft while in Washington?" asks the village postmaster.

"See him? Well, well," answers the returned pilgrim. "Look here!" And, so saying, he flashes a full hand of cards at the obsequious p.m., who

thereupon ceases with awe and admiration.

New Year Levee Souvenir.

"Here I am at the New Year reception—or levee—as it is popularly termed," explains the cheery booster, exhibiting card No. 1. And the mute evidence is undoubted, for—to be sure—there is his actual photograph taken with his palm grasping that of the President, whose unmistakable likeness beams upon his guest. And in the background is a group of witnesses, gathered round, waiting their turn at the glad executive palm.

"But that is nothing," adds the returned pilgrim, whose stock in the obsequious postmaster's estimation has already risen 100 per centum. "Of course, any one can shake hands with the President on New Year day. But he arranged a private audience for me the day after." (Whereupon the cheery one deals a card bearing another photograph of him and the President shaking hands in the White House east room, whose crystal chandeliers and other classic appointments are plainly visible in the background.)

"Yes, he took me through the White House and told me the history of all the paintings and bric-a-brac. Here we are in the grand corridor, and this other photograph shows us chatting in the blue room, where only the most distinguished guests are received."

"After he had showed me everything inside the house he took me for a walk and showed me the department buildings. Here we are, starting out. You see the White House back of us."

Given President Absent Treatment.

As a matter of fact the tourist whose counterfeit presentment thus shows him hobnobbing with the President of the White House has given the President an absent treatment. At least, the full set of photographs has been made without the chief execu-

tive's knowledge. He has been no party to the felicitations apparently exchanged and so artfully represented.

At the time the photographs are made the President's fictitious guest is present, not in the White House, or even within sight of it, but in an ingeniously contrived photograph gallery some half dozen blocks away.

Entering from the street, he is received by a comely young woman, who refers him to a wall covered with simple photographs, and he selects the particular architectural environment or distinguished society with which he desires to be surrounded in the finished photograph.

This done, he awaits his turn, is ushered beneath an arras, through a hallway, past another hanging curtain, and at last finds himself in a rear chamber with a dim light and the pervading atmosphere of the spiritualistic seance room. While he is wondering how a photograph can be made in such darkness a long flame of light flashes along a mercury tube overhead and tingles his skin with a green, corpse-like pallor. A male voice sounds from the sepulchral depths of a deep and narrow recess in the wall, from which comes, craftily creeping, a hooded, scouted tripod, two of its legs human and the other supplied with casters.

"Let me see the patron demands before you begin," the patron demands. "I want to select a piece of scenery in which the President's figure is most natural."

"There is no scenery except this," laughs the photographer, pointing to some frames covered with plain white cloth.

"But how does the President get in to tie—"

"Ah, sir, that is the secret."

"You cut my picture out, paste it on

Wedding Silver

For bridal gifts Silverware of today will be as much appreciated by future generations as the heirlooms of the past are treasured at the present time.

We are showing many new patterns in flat silver as well as large hollow pieces. The prices are moderate, and an appropriate selection can be readily made.

Schwarzschild Bros.

Richmond's Leading Jewelers,
Second and Broad Sts.

another containing his and—"Such pains at three cards for a half dollar? Never! Your pictures will be printed and dried in a quarter hour."

President's Ghost Participates.

The subject is posed according to the attitude needed for the business in which the ghost of the President is to participate. If it be a handsnaking scene, he feels the cold touch of an iron bar which has been thrust out from somewhere. It has been carefully poised, to correspond with the height of the invisible presidential palm.

"Hold your hand in a grasping attitude, so! And smile! You mustn't look bored while grasping the President of the United States Good!"

The artist now gets behind his hood again.

"There's about two inches difference between your height and the President's," he comments.

"How in heaven's name do you know that?"

"Ah, I see you both. Steady, now! Steady! And smile!"

There is a burst of sickly green light above and before him, then darkness and a burst of flame behind him, then darkness again.

"All over," says the artist. "Please wait in the reception room!"

And in a quarter hour you go out bearing with you the visible and tangible evidence that you and Mr. Taft are very thick (although he is a trifle thicker of the two).

His Bust in Fifty Lucra.

For the modest sum of 15 cents the tourist also purchases in the capital's curio shops a small portrait bust of the President, done in a papier mache that is made from redeemed and macerated bank notes. When our paper money arrives at that stage of wear and tear, where it truly deserves the name of filthy lucre, it is taken down into the basement of the Treasury where a big machine chews, bolls and smashes it into pulp. And this gray pulp is purchased by one of these artistic geniuses who supply the souvenir venders. Into a mold which has been made from a clay bust of the chief magistrate he presses the wet pulp with such force that it comes out dry, hard and solid. One of these busts of Mr. Taft, which I now have before me, contains upon the bottom of the pedestal a label stating that five-thousand-dollars' worth of bank notes have been used in its manufacture.

A caricature of Mr. Taft's smiling visage appeared upon a plaster of paris statuette with which the curio shops

were stocked in the days when the "billion" was in vogue. This image of the President was, in fact, posed billion-fashions and had a big sale among Republicans who looked upon Mr. Taft as "the god of things as they ought to be."

But of a sudden all of these little idols were withdrawn from sale, and the writer, upon inquiring the cause, was informed at one souvenir store that a personage of great influence at the White House—but not the President himself—had requested that no more of these Taft-billions be sold. At another curio shop the proprietor announced that a law had been passed forbidding the sale of these little images, which, of course, was not the case. At any rate, they cannot now be purchased for love or money at the big-stores dealing in souvenirs. The buyer having charge of this department in one big shop stated that he knew where there was a full stock of them, laid away in New York, but that he would not dare order one.

Tourists carry home each year from Washington tons of plates, cups and saucers, ash trays, plaques and all sorts of china and metallic ware used for ornamental purposes bearing the executive physiognomy. And for a quarter you may take home to the children a bone paper cutter through a tiny eyepiece in whose handle they may view an illuminated portrait of Mr. Taft.

Magic in His Touch.

The magic of the presidential touch or association is everywhere seen. A Washington restaurateur who conducts a museum in his establishment exhibits Zachary Taylor's old hat, for which he would not take its weight in gold. The pens with which chief magistrates sign this or that document are immediately snatched up, duly labeled and packed away in some treasure chest or curio cabinet. Every big city and many a small town contain one or more hostlers boasting of the presidential suite—the Lincoln room, McKinley room or Roosevelt room, in which, at a premium, the guest may gaze upon the same four walls which once hedged about a President of the United States.

The presidential autograph always brings a high price and rarely enhances the value of anything to which it is attached. Volumes of Mr. Roosevelt's works, each autographed by him, brought \$10 a piece and sold for \$3,200 a set of twenty-two volumes.

Now and then newspapers announce that at a certain fair or bazaar held for charity some sample of Mrs. Taft's handiwork will be raffled off, and the device never fails to draw a throng of the enterprise. The announcement that Mrs. Roosevelt had contributed a handkerchief for such a purpose was immediately followed by no less than 500 requests from bazaar and fair committees all over the country that she send them for the same purpose, aprons, neckties, dressed dolls, autographs, etc. One request was for one of her favorite quotations, copied by her own hand and sealed in an envelope. Early in President Roosevelt's first administration there was circulated a card that he would present by autographed photograph to every child named Theodore Roosevelt Smith, Brown, etc., and thereafter poured into the White House hundreds of announcements that babies named for him were ready for the promised souvenir.

Roosevelt Made an Exception.

The President, of course, had to refuse these requests, but he made one notable exception in favor of one Theodore Roosevelt Foster, the nineteenth child of a Michigan farmer whose views upon the vexed race-mixing question coincided with his own.

The great premium which presidential association placed upon articles of small intrinsic value was well realized by W. H. Vanderbilt, when he loaned General Grant, upon no other security than his sword, medals and other

precious memorabilia, the \$100,000, which was so sorely needed after the disastrous failure of the Wall Street firm to which the ex-President had lent his honored name.

When the White House was renovated and refurnished during the Roosevelt regime the old furniture was sold at auction, and among the pieces thus disposed of was a massive sideboard, eight feet long and elaborately carved. It was bought in by a Washington saloonkeeper for \$85.

A millionaire of the capital offered the purchaser \$850 for this piece of furniture, which was bought during the Arthur administration and was of a rocco pattern, not esteemed in this generation. But the saloonist refused the capitalist's offer and announced that he would not sell it for less than \$3,000.

The public's zeal for souvenirs of presidential families was impressed upon the authorities during these days when the White House was being remodeled to suit Mr. Roosevelt's tastes. Day after day well dressed people poked about in the piles of debris, filling bags and suit cases with pieces of brick, nails, bits of plaster and even splinters of wood. One such searcher retired in high glee with a pair of brass brackets, which had formed part of the fittings of the old blue room.

Indeed, were it not for the executive bodyguard of argus-eyed secret services, the ever hungry, souvenir-hunting vandal would strip the President of his clothes and of the very hair of his head. But such are the penalties of the ruler's trade. Such are the penalties for riding the bubble fame.

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HOUSTON

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) Houston, Va., January 6.—The Christmas celebration of the Sunday school of St. John's church was held on Monday afternoon last at the church. An attractive musical program was rendered and gifts of fruit and candies distributed to the children present.

Thaddeus Crane, Miss Dorothy Crane and Miss Marjorie Crane, of Ridgefield, Conn., who have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson, on Maple Avenue, left on Monday for Chatham, at which place Miss Crane and Miss Crane will re-enter the Chatham Episcopal Institute.

An attractive dance was given on New Year's night by Miss Patty Johnson at her home on Maple Avenue. The large parlor, which was arranged for dancing was tastefully decorated with Christmas greens.

Miss Nannie Roberts, of Durham, N. C., who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Henderson, of Houston, returned to her home on Monday last.

Miss Elizabeth Craddock, who is a student at the Greensboro Normal school, Greensboro, N. C., and who has been spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gran Craddock, has returned to resume her work.

Miss Emma Edmunds and her house guest, Miss Pearl Sydenstricker, of Channing, China, who have been spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Edmunds, left Houston on Wednesday for Lynchburg, where they will re-enter the Randolph-Macon College for the second half of the term.

Miss Jean McQueen, of Wilton, Conn., and Miss Patty Johnson returned to the Chatham Episcopal Institute on Wednesday morning.

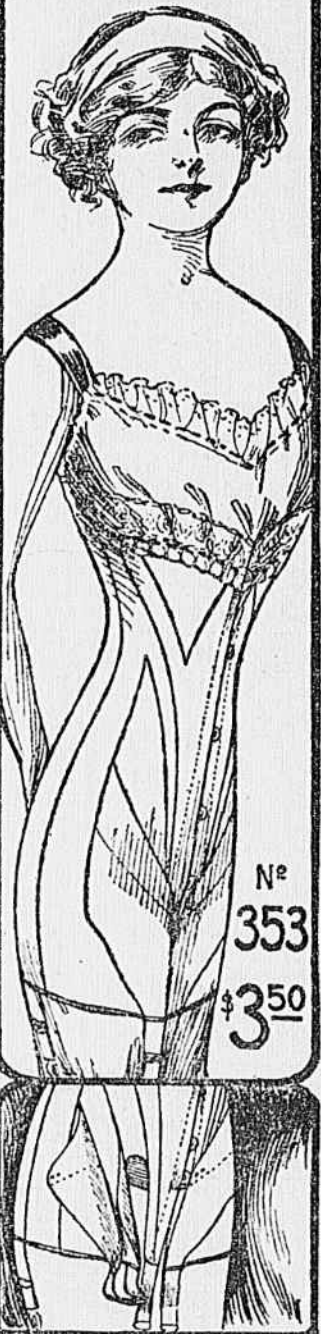
Major A. B. Johnson, of the Horner Military Academy, Oxford, N. C., has returned to the academy to resume his duties as commandant. Major Johnson, who is a graduate of the V. M. I., has been spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Johnson, of Houston.

CHRISTIANSBURG

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) Christiansburg, Va., January 6.—Among the young people returning to the different schools and colleges after spending the holidays at home are:

A DISTINCT NOVELTY Read On!

ACHIEVEMENT OF SALE
Nemo
AUTO-MASSAGE
SELF-REDUCING
CORSETS



THIS Corset not only makes you LOOK smaller, but actually drives away the fat, so that you ARE smaller.

Hard to believe? Well, we can positively guarantee the statement, for these Corsets have been thoroughly tried, tested and proved.

THEY DO THE WORK. Bands of elastic Lastikops Webbing (inside) support the abdomen from underneath.

A new kind of Nemo Self-Reducing Straps, with triplicate-top hose supporters, mould the figure in.

This new and ingenious combination produces gentle massage with every movement of the wearer.

You feel nothing but comfort; yet your figure gradually gets smaller.

Two stylish models:

No. 353 low bust \$3.50

No. 354 medium

Skirt very long, clings snugly when you stand, spreads freely when you sit—perfect comfort and fine lines in any position.

Especially for stout figures, but can be worn by women of medium form.

Fine white coutil, sizes 20 to 36.

The MOST WONDERFUL NEMO yet!

In Good Stores Everywhere

KOPS BROS., Mfrs., New York

Misses Katherine Spindle, to Chatham; Alma Cummings, to Roanoke Business College; Kathleen Harless, Woman's College, Lynchburg; Charles Rousseau, Hampden-Sidney; James Shelburne and George Jenkins, Medical College of Virginia; William Flagg, Washington State University; Edward Fagg and William Hall, to Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

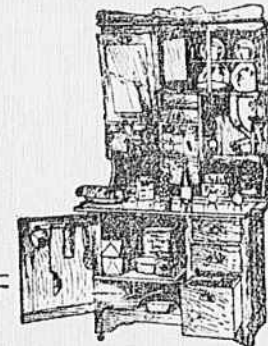
V. Austin and Bart Phlegar were guests at one of the prettiest dinners ever given in Christiansburg. The hall was artistically decorated and a delightful course supper served. The chaperons were Mrs. Marion W. Burke, Mrs. John Miller, Mrs. J. W. Walters.

Mosby Montague returned Tuesday from a visit to his sister, Mrs. Charles Millard, of Philadelphia.

Conveniences for the Home

Every housewife is an economist in her own way, but usually it is in small things. If she could use in her household the modern time and labor saving devices that men apply in the office and the factory, she would be able to make her economies more worth while.

We show here two modern conveniences for the home that every housewife will appreciate and that will enable her to direct her efforts along those lines.



Boone Kitchen Cabinets

are the latest word in improvements for the kitchen. Every utensil right at hand, with convenient extensions at sides and in front on which to do your work. Seated at the cabinet, you can do all the preparing of the meals without the endless steps from closet to closet for utensils, dishes, and so forth, which heretofore have been scattered in numerous and remote locations. You cannot afford to be without one another day. Prices range from \$15 to \$40.



New Method Gas Ranges

make cooking a source of delight. By new improvements, protected by patents, and therefore not incorporated in other gas ranges, the flow of gas is regulated and controlled so that you can do any kind of cooking without danger of scorching—not only that, but it will save you 25 per cent. in gas bill. The heat, inconvenience and the dirt and ashes always present with the old style range is a thing of the past if you have a New Method Gas Range. Come in and let us demonstrate them.

AND DON'T FORGET—by our plan you make the time and the amount of your payments to suit YOUR OWN CONVENIENCE.

Pettit and Company
FOURTH & BROAD STS.

AN ATTRACTIVE JANUARY BRIDE



Formerly Miss Mary Josephine Conrad, whose wedding yesterday afternoon at Millwood, Clarke county, was one of the most brilliant social events of the present season in Virginia. After a several months' tour of Europe Mr. and Mrs. Twigg will live at the Lee's Manor estate, near Markham, Fauquier county.

MRS. ALEXANDER GILBRANK TWIGG.